INDIANA ROOM
PAMPHLET FILE

The Indian Orchard

" A legend of Fort Harrison Prairie "

By Lelia

erre Haute

T. H. Legends
t
Cop 1
INDIANA ROOM

The Indian Orchard

"A legend of Fort Harrison Prairie."

By Lelia

In the month of Sept. 1763, on the banks of the Wabash, on a high knoll of ground, now almost within the corporate limits of the flourishing city of Terre Haute, was situated an Indian village. There, before the ax of the bold pioneer had stripped the virgin earth of the primeval forest, stood a luxuriant growth of giant oaks, beneath which, was a thrifty undergrowth of young scions. North and south, along the banks of the river, the vast forests were endless, but east, only a few hundred yards, and the extended prairie almost limited the vision with its broad expanse. The river which here makes a sweeping serpentine bend, reveals, for more than two miles, its swelling bosom to the eye. Overlooking all this-at the top of this knoll -on a bluff bold show, stood this Indian home. The forest, the prairie, the bluff and the river, all conspired to make it a spot of surpassing beauty. The prairie breeze, cooled by the shady grove, kissed the tawny cheeks of the young savages as they gambolled on the green turf. The bubbling music of the waters hymned forth an anthem to the Great Manitou. The young fawm from the dense thicket, looked out upon the scene, then bounded off into the deeper forests. The place was a rural Paradise, and nature, and nature's offsprings here met, wondered, loved and embraced, At evening, when the chase was ended, the young warriors returning, would throw their game at the wigwam door--bathe their brawny limbs in the cooling waters, and while the Mother prepared the repast, reclined under the shade of the umbrageous trees. Around them, in merry mood, would play all the young savages of the village. They would bend their tiny bows at the intended mark, and then leap and dance and sing.

If from the valley of James' river, Virginia one could have been translated to this village this moment of time, he would have discovered, among those Indian Maidens, one of not more noble mein, but of different complexion. For the dark, flashing eagle eye, the aquiline nose, the prominent cheeks and the straight black hair of the Native American, he would have discovered the mild blue eye, the straight Grecian nose, the round convex cheek and the curling flaxen hair of the Anglo-Saxon. He could have seen too, that young girl amusing the rest of her play-mates, by her superior intuitive knowledge. She looked to the west, and as the sun, bathed his broad disc in a sea of gold, would ask: "Who hung that sun in the heavens, and painted those clouds with such beauty?" and when the God of light sunk behind the western skies, from her lips, in rich Algonquin strains, would swell forth this retiring hymn of the Indian Maiden:

Great is our Manitou, He sends the rain and holds the lightning in His hand. Great is our Manitou, there is no name Like His, and this is His chosen land.

In the forest the Indian hunter finds
The nimble fawn. In the waving fields,
Touched to ripeness by His breath, he binds
The yellow corn, and spreads the evening meals.
Great, great, then, is the Indian's Manitou.

The vesper being closed, all assembled around the old men to hear the war deeds, one hundred times already told. Listening to the story of one of those grey haired warriors as he "fought his battles over again." I will save my heroine, and ere the old man has concluded his tale, I will carry you, gentle reader, through some of the interesting historical incidents of this legend.

When Pennsylvania first learned the propriety of defending the west against the colonial settlement of any foreign power, she found it necessary to establish a firm peace with the Indians along the Ohio and Wabash, and to do this, it was desirable to show a strong force in the midst of their settlements, "At her own cost, this gallant State furnished one thousand troops, and Virginia contributed a corps of volunteers." They commenced their line of march, under Bouquet, for the great West, in Oct. 1763. "With this little army," says the historian, "went many who had lost children, and friends, and came to search the wilderness for the captives." The Mother rushed through every deserted village, to see if perchance any tidings of her bright-eyed boy could be learned. The brother sought intelligence of a fair haired sister, who had been torn from the parental roof in days long gone by. Every sylvian nook was explored—every extended prospect scanned, and every friendly savage importuned. Bouquet marched far into the wilderness, until one calm autumnal day he found the chiefs and warriors of the Senecas, the Delawares and the Shawnees, seated around the council fires, smoking the calumet, and entreating for peace. They pledged themselves to bring in the white prisoners and bury the tomahawk.

The Shawnees, the most violent and warlike of all the tribes, accepted the terms of peace with dejected sullenness, but promised, by their orator, Red Hawk, to collect all the white captives from the different towns, and restore them by the coming Spring.

Runners were therefore sent to all the Indian villages to command them to bring in their captives. A bold stalwart, swift running Shawnee brave, who was just verging into manhood, was dispatched to carry the intelligence to families along the Wabash. He kept a direct course, looking to the bark of the trees for his guide—drinking from the thousand springs that gushed all along his pathway—sending his unerring arrow into the light footed hare when he desired a repast—plucking the rich fruit which hung in enticing clusters from the pending limbs—sleeping with the sky for his covering and the earth for his bed, until, at length he arrived at the bluff, which bounds Fort Harrison prairie on the south east, near where the little white Church now overlooks the plain below.

It was past meridian of an autumnal day-the September winds had tinged the forest with crimson and with gold. The prairie, luxuriant with a thousand years' richness, stretched in airy indulations far to the north and the south. Through the interstices in the trees which lined the river banks, sparkled, like molten silver, the calm, placid Wabash. It was a scene of peace, of plenty and of happiness. No sounds of busy life broke the eternal stillness. It was a prospect more enchanting- more rapturous than ever blessed the eyes of a pale face.

Upon this bluff, in bold outline, clad in rich Indian costume,. and completely armed, stood Nemo, the hero of this legend. Shaded by the deep, dark forest from which he just emerged, he seemed in full relief,-a bright figure on a dark back-ground. He wore in his hair some pinions clipped from the wing of a mountain eagle. A belt richly wrought and artistically painted, encircled his waist, in which hung a scalping-knife and tomahawk. Over his shoulders, with more than Roman grace, was thrown a dressed deer skin, and on his panting bosom, hung a polished plate of steel. As Nemo looked upon this scene, an "eagle darted from the woods and screamed above his head-emblematic of the freedom of the Indian's home. Instinctively he bent his bow, and an arrow, freighted with death, transfixed its heart- emblematic of the poor Indian's fate.

The sun was fast sinking in the west, painting each cloud with glory and with fire, when the eyes of Nemo-caught the river, the smoke of the wigwam curling in peace through its branches. With a beating heart our messenger approached the village, and as the watch dog bayed him off, he put his hand to his quiver of arrows and demanded the protection of a stranger and friend.

The old warrior whom we left "fighting his battles o'er" has finished, and flushed with the excitement of his story, he beheld of a sudden our young warrior standing in his wigwam door. The form of the old warrior became erect- his nostrils dilated- his eyes sparkled with rage, and his stalwart frame seemed to tower into giant proportions. He knew from the stranger's manner and his scalp lock, that he was a hated Shawnee.- He yelled the war-whoop, sprung for his bow and arrows, his tomahawk and scalping knife. The young Shawnee stepped a pall from the door, placed an arrow to his bow string and raised it to his eye. The old warrior raised his tomahawk and advanced, but ere he reached the young chief, the sylph like form of Lena stood before him. Her blue eyes flashed, and her tiny hand rested on the arm of the old chief. Trembling with terror she said, "My father touch not the stranger- he only asks shelter and food. Did a Delaware ever refuse either? He is indeed a Shawnee, an enemy but a stranger, he is tired and asks for repose, hungry and wants food, thirsty and needs drink. Did a Delaware ever thus drive a stranger from his door?" The old man dropped the tomahawk and bid the stranger welcome.

Nemo rehearsed the story of his mission. He took from his neck a string of wampum shells. Upon some were carved the features of a pale face walking towards the rising sun. The likeness of a great chief was upon another shell, and Nemo was represented as leading the pale face toward the east. The old chief knew the import of all this. He read the Indian symbolical language, and comprehended it. The stranger was to lead to the east the pale face captives, and his authority was the likeness of the great chief. The old warrior bowed before the imperial mandate- he knew death was the penalty of its violation. Nemo then went into the details of his mission. Lena listened attentively, she knew she was a pale face, across her memory like filmy clouds vailing a summer sky, ever and anon would flit the dreamy recollections of other days, of other scenes. Faint as the images of childhood would associations after association spring up in her mind. The whisperings of a mother's love, a father's care. The faint picture of another home- where pale faces joined in her childish sports. She recollected a little brook which flowed by her childhood's home, and how her playmates sent upon its limpid waves their tiny boats.

She had spiritual breathings of these and her awaxing soul told her she was not as those who surrounded her. She looked into the placid bosom of the Wabash, and there was reflected a face not of the color of her Indian sisters or brothers. These, all conspirings made her incline a willing ear to the rehearsal of Nemo's mission.

The old man looked at Lena and wept, tears only come to an Indians eye when the heart is overflowing.

"My father," said Lena, "has the Great Spirit refused to hear your prayer? Is the deer driven from the forest to be destroyed by the wolves? Has our earth refused to give ripeness to her fruits? Or why those tears?"

"My daughter," said the warrior, "thy step is as light as the fawn, and thy spirit as pure as the morning dewdrop, more than one hundred moons have waned since I took thee to my wigwam. Then was thy arm weak and thy step feeble. As a parent I loved thee, as a father I protected thee from the tomahawk and scalping knife. I then was the bravest in battle, the foremost in the chase. Myarm was quick to bend the bow, my eye to seek the game. Now my arm is feeble, my eyes dim with age. The war-whoop finds the echo in my heart, and the deer fear not my approach. In my old age, my fair haired, blue eyed child, I must give thee up. Thou wilt go to another father, another home. I will never see thee more. The prairie grass will soon spring above my grave, and the lullaby of the Wabash will sing my requiem. But my daughter will never forget her Indian father. In other days you will return, but I will not be here.

"Return! why does my father speak of my returning said Lena? I can not, must not, will not leave you."

"Little dost thou know what thou sayest, my daughter," replied the chief, "for by the first light that illumines the eastern sky thou wilt be taken from me."

"Taken from thee, and for what?" asked Lena.

"For being what thou art, a pale face," answered the chief.

"A pale face, because my hair is lighter than my sisters, and my face not so dark- is that why I must leave thee?"

"It is. Thou art not a Delaware. To the east, where the sun rises, lives thy people. Close by where the roar of the mighty waters always hymn the praise of the Great Spirit, are the wigwams of thy fathers. Many summers ago, I snatched thee from the burning wigwam of thy mother, and made thee my child."

"And am I not thy child yet? I have no father but thee, no home but this," said Lena.

"My Child," said the old chief, waste not words, the moments fly, the grey light is almost ready to burst forth in the east- the wolf will soon return to his den, the owl to the deeper forest- take what is thine and be ready to follow the young Shawnee."

Morn's rosy blushes lighted upon the eastern sky, and ere the dewdrops were dried from the prairie grass, Nemo and the pale face captive had taken leave, and were on their way towards the rising sun. They crossed the prairie at a diverging angle, and Nemo with his charge stood again on the bluff which commands the prairie below. As they traveled, at different points along their path, the captives were brought, until ten of different age and sexes trailed in a straight line after him.

After this silent path- through the dark lonely forest, at noon and night- the attentions of Nemo were assiduous towards Lena. He first admired, then respected, and at last loved her. How the brave Shawnee wooed and won the Anglo-American maiden, it is not necessary here to state. But if the panther screamed, Nemo stood by the side of Lena. If the storm roared, he sheltered her beneath his deer skin. If the night was cold, he threw his robe over her. If the wolf growled or gnashed his teeth around their camp fires, he stood in front of her, placed an arrow in his bow, and sent it through the intruder's heart.

At last the Spring came, the captives had reached their place of destination. The Delawares, the Shawnees, and Seneca Chiefs were assembled. Bouquet and his men were there, and the pale face captives were handed over to the whites. Nemo determined not to lose his fair haired betrothed, and Lena loved the young Shawnee, more than the recollections of her early home. She was just ripening into womanhood- she loved the forest- her Indian home which she had left behind, and felt in her heart of hearts, a warm, burning admiration for Nemo. She was taken with the rest of the captives, to the State of Pennsylvania, and there, along the banks of the Susquehanna, where was once her home, she was given to her relations. Her mother and father slept beneath the clods of the valley. Some, who said they were her brothers and sisters, welcomed her back to civilization.-- She knew them not- her heart was with her Indian lover, and her Indian brothers and sisters. They placed before her the choicest viands, and they were unpalatable. They essayed to charm her by the rich melody of music, but she loved more the whisperings of Nature sighing through the forest and roaring in the storm. They taught her Christian precepts, but she preferred the Indian's Christian example- they told her of a triune God, but how could an untutored mind comprehend a mystery so profound. She worshipped the Great Spirit, as she "saw Him in the clouds and heard Him in the winds." Lena was unhappy- often a tear would glisten in her eye as she would press a beautifully wrought gift of Nemo's to her lips.

Thus, between hope and despair, passed many months. The forest was again tinged with autumnal hues. The hazy stillness of Indian Summer vailed the mountains and the valleys- Nature was keeping her Sabbath, and the summer sun was receding behind the gauze of autumn, when, in the distance, was seen the tall plume of an Indian warrior. Alarm seized every heart, and fear sat upon every brow. The warrior came on apace- his form was symetrical and manly. Over his shoulder hung a quiver filled with arrows- his step was proud and defiant- Lena looked from the window- a thrill passed through her heart- the warrior came on- twas Nemo- she rushed to the closed door- the bar was thrown down, and with one bound she threw herself into the embrace of her Indian lover. Heart beat to heart, and they were one.

The Shawnee warrior had come to claim his fair-haired affianced./ The laws of Pennsylvania prohibited the marriage of Indians to whites, but it could not prevent their loving. The statute gave freedom to females over eighteen years, under the law, she could go and return at her pleasure. Nemo asked Lena to go back with him to her Wabash home- she consented: the law was resorted to to prevent her- but the law was powerless- she clung with a woman's love to her plighted troth, and while her pale-faced brothers slept, she, by the side of her Indian lover, dashed into the dark forest, and taking the Indian trail, and with the Indian knowledge, struck for the west. No hound or horse, no man or beast, could hope to overtake them. Love gave impetus to their flight, and limbs used to the mountain track and the valley's path, carried them forward, When, beyond all civilization- when the deer became tame, and the panther and the bear only left the pathway to let the lover's pass. In this universal solitude, where Nature, fresh from the hand of the Creator, was all around them, these, Nature's children, without the forms of law, and governed by no earthly statute, were married.-- They swore eternal faith and fidelity, and became one. The young fawn from the impending thicket, witnessed the scene, and bounded away- the eagle from his eyrie screamed a blessing from above, and the Great Spirit, with his omnipotent eye, looked down and approved the happy union. There, surrounded by Nature's glorious image, and not by art's gaudy trappings, were Nemo and Lena forever wedded.

Over the mountains, along the valleys, across the rivers, and up the precipice, led their undeviating way. True as the needle to the pole, was Nemo's knowledge of the woods. Silent, even as lovers, they traveled the vast forest, which separated the Wabash from the Susquehanna.

Nothing occurred to mar the even tenor of their journey until they were passing about the line which now divides the State of Ohio from the State of Indiana. Some signs of footprints had been seen all day- here, the decayed leaves were pressed as though a human foot had been upon them- there a twig was broken off, and ~~a~~ slight openings made in the bushes higher then the head of the deer would be seen in different places, and at last, a piece of old moccasin was found in the trail. Nemo picked it up, examined it attentively, looked at the way the Porcupine quills were woven in it, and in a half audible voice, whispered into the anxious ear of Lena- Miami's! Silently and cautiously they kept the trail. The Miami's and Shawnees were mortal enemies. Onward they kept their course to the setting sun, until coming to a dense growth of oaks, of a sudden, quick as the bounding of the mountain cat, three Miami warriors rushed upon them. Nemo leaped to a tree, and one of the warriors caught Lena and commenced tying her hands. Nemo's arrow was in his bow- the Miami shielded himself behind the trembling captive, keeping Lena's head between Nemo and his breast. Twang, sounded Nemo's bow, and a trusty arrow, shaving a ringlet from the captives temple, trembled in the heart of the audacious Miami. The tree saved Nemo from his other foes. Another warrior sprang to the captive and endeavored to carry her off. Like the tiger from his lair, Nemo bounded on him and buried his tomahawk deep in his skull. Now there remained one more Miami, one Shawnee. Lena stood paralyzed with fear. Nemo's arrow missed- the Miami's passed through his scalp lock. Each warrior drew his tomahawk, and they whistled in the air. Then face to face, and steel to steel, they advanced to meet in deadly combat. Nemo fought for love and life. The brave Miami for hate of the Shawnee. Each warrior eyed the other, as does the panter before he makes his spring. Nemo's knife first tasted the Miami's blood. The combat was almost an equal one. Two stalwart braves determined to conquer or die. In an unquarded moment, the Miami felt a sharp pang tremble through his whole frame. Nemo's knife had found way to his heart, and he was dead.

There lay the three Miami braves, all sent into the spirit world by the young Shawnee. Their scalp locks were secured as a trophy and the warrior and his bride continued their journey.

Many times the sun guilded the west before they reached what is now called Fort Harrison prairie. The leaves had fallen from the trees, the frost had come, and winter spread her mantle of snow over every surrounding object. In this season of the year, Nemo again stood upon the bluff which overlooks the prairie. Desolution, dreary and solemn, was before him. Still as the chamber of death were the sombre forest, and the undulating prairie. Where the City of Terre Haute now stands, was then covered with large elms and oak trees. The line of the prairie followed near where now runs the Wabash and Erie Canal on the east- east of that, Lost Creek sluggishly wended its way through many miles of marshy ground, and the prospect was much changed from the time Nemo first beheld this picturesque region. Lena, eager to again see her Indian home, looked to the high knoll of ground, which overlooks the Wabash near where the Railroad bridge crosses the river. There was no smoke curling from the wigwams. They crossed the prairie coming to the "high ground" close by the Terre Haute House, and passing rapidly along until they came to the cleared spot now known as the "Old Indian Orchard." There was no watch-dog to bay Nemo off as heretofore- no merry laugh of children to welcome Lena's return- no Indian father to receive her with open arms. One of these intestine feuds that is so terrible among the savage tribes, had swept away the old Chief and his entire family. No sign of life was there- a few chared bones and smouldering ruins were all that remained of Lena's once happy home. It was a dreary prospect for the young warrior and the young husband- but an Indian is never discouraged. His trust is too high, too profound. He knows the earth will yield her fruits, that the showers will come and he is too thankful to despond.

The tomahawk supplied them with poles, and planting ten in the ground at equal distances, in a circle whose diameter was twelve feet, by a strong withe the tops were brought almost together, thus forming in approved Indian style the frame work of a primitive wigwam. Bark from the forest was procured and fastened on all sides of these poles, making a comfortable room against the bleak winds which swept across the prairie. The fire was built, and the smoke curled out the aperture at the top. This being done, Nemo took his bow and arrows and went in pursuit of game. Each night he returned with skins and choice bits from the deer, the bear and the elk. The skins were used by Lena in lining the inside of the wigwam, and spreading on the level earth formed a couch. Soon all through this Indian wigwam, hanging in rich festoons, wherever a pole could be placed or a peg fastened, where strips of jerked venison and other wild meats. There was plenty in the wigwam, and love and content in each heart.

Thus passed away the winter, and when March came soon the rough cry of the wild goose was heard coming up from the sunny South- the quack of the duck echoed along the river. The Wabash rose and shook the ice from its bosom. The blue bird, first messenger of Spring sang its matin song- the blackbird chirped- the red breast begged a crumb from the door. One by one the birds came out on the trees, the wild flowers sprung spontaneous from the earth- the woods were robed in their mantle of green, and spring in all her freshness and beauty was there. The home of Lena was her study. She gathered wild flowers and turned them in beautiful wreaths on either side of the door. She served the evening repast under an arbor of budding branches, and made her home, what an Indian's home always is- one of peace, more desirable than the greatest riches- one of contentment, more to be valued than rubies and fine gold- one of virtue the brightest jewel of a woman's heart.

Here upon this knoll of ground which so beautifully overlooks what is now called Gordon's Bend, more than 75 years ago, stood this Indian wigwam. At night the scream of the panther and the howl of the wolf, was all that broke the universal stillness. In the daytime, excepting when the storm thundered and the wild birds sang, it was silent. No sound of busy life started nature from her repose. Everything grew to perfection, but it grew in silence. Nature was true to her children, and Nemo and Lena were happy. Their light canoe danced, "like a thing of life" over the rippling waters, and the finny tribe afforded them a bountiful repast. They had abundance- nature requires but little. They asked for no luxuries, for nature requires none. No gossip, slander or falsehoods chilled their hearts. They lived as the Great Spirit taught them. Disease and pain were strangers to them. Violating no law of their being they did not have to pay the penalty. They lived and loved and were happy. Oh! what a rural Paradise was this. Nature's offsprings gambolling upon the green turf- sporting in the bright sunshine and breathing the pure air- plucking the rich fruits- gathering the ripe nuts, and killing the fat game.

Lena in her flight from her pale face home had gathered a few apple seed, which she still had with her, and which, as the Spring opened she planted around her wigwam. Soon they sprouted from the ground, and thus began the "Indian Orchard" which for so many years has shaded this knoll, and the remains of which are still to be seen. A boy, bright eyed and fair, possessing his mother's tenderness, his father's heroism, had blessed their union. Not so swarthy as his father, nor so pale faced as his mother- he was neither, and yet both. His baby tongue had not yet learned to lisp his mother's name, nor his boy eyes to know his father's coming. He nestled in his mother's bosom, as a young eaglet nestles under the wing of its parent. She dressed his tiny limbs in gaudy painted deer skins, and fixed little plumes from the wing of the red bird on his infantile head. She wreathed festoons of wild flowers around his brow, and put bracelets, twined from autumnal leaves on his little arms. Lena possessed all that could give happiness to woman- the love of a noble heart, and the mother of a smiling boy.

Thus lived Nemo and Lena and their little boy, in this wild wood home. Spring and summer had come and passed- autumn was yet "lingering in the lap of winter." A hazy atmosphere hung over the Wabash and covered the prairie. The sere and yellow leaf broke from its impending stem- whirled in the still air and fell to enrich the earth. The birds of passage winged their way to the South. The song of the blackbird had ceased and a still melancholy brooded over the extended landscape. The rays of the declining sun struggled through the dull, smoky air, and a soft echo fell upon the ear of Nemo. It at first was like the chirp of a bird, then the growl of a wolf, and at last the scream of a panther. Nemo looked down the river and his quick eye, soon caught the feathery plumes of five painted warriors. Were they Shawnees or Miamis! whispered Nemo- were they friend or foes. Silently he watched, and stealthily they approached. Coming up the bank crouching in Indian file, Nemo recognized them as the hated Miamis. He sprang for his bow and arrows, his tomahawk and his scalping knife. Lena concealed the babe and stood by the door, protected by her husband. When within a proper distance, Nemo demanded whey they came- they growled defiance and hurriedly came on. Quick as the lightning stroke, an arrow from Nemo's bow pierced the foremost intruder. A Shawnee never parleys with a Miami. The war whoop rang through the forest and the Miamis rushed to the contest. Nemo knew there was no quarter for him and he asked for none.

"He looked to river, forest, prairie and plain. As what he never should see again."

Another arrow stilled the heart throbs of another Miami. But now they were upon him. Before Nemo was his hereditary foe, behind him his home, his wife and boy. No panther ever pressed by the hunters hounds fought more desperately, more heroically. He shouted the defiant war song-sprung from his wigwam door and buried his tomahawk in the third Miamis brain. The two remaining sent their arrows into Nemo's breast. He reeled retreated to his wigwam door, and shaking defiance at his enemies, fell dying in the arms of Lena. The wife and mother tore the thirsty arrows from his bleeding breast, and with them, ebbed out his life. Here he lay rigid in death- the Miami warriors stood around. Lena, snatched her boy from his cover, threw him into the arms of a Miami warrior- buried the scalping knife into her own heart, and fell dying on the cold remains of Nemo. The infant smiled in the arms of the murderers of his heroic father, and his spotless mother. He fondled the eagle feathers which decorated their scalp-locks, and lisped his baby talk unto their wondering ears could they destroy this child? Nature is everywhere. They thought of their rude barbarians at home, playing around their own wigwam fires.

Nature is everywhere-whether it be in the blood stained vulture as it "cleaves the storm"- whether in the tiger as it guards its whelps- whether in the savage as he stands amid blood and carnage, there is a cord which when touched to action, vibrates always for the right.

They resolved to spare the child, and Nemo and Lena were buried side by side on the top of this knoll. Their once happy home was pillaged and destroyed, and in after times naught was left to mark the spot, but a few scattering apple trees that had been planted by Lena's hands, and which were bearing fruit, when the first white man visited this spot.

The child was taken care of by the Miamis. He was adopted as one of the tribe, and when he ripened into manhood, while he had the costumes and language of the Miamis, still in his soul was the fire and bravery of the Shawnees. He grew into manhood and learning his origin, went to the homes of the Shawnees and joined the tribe. Identifying his fortune with those who fought against the encroachments of the whites, he soon found himself a boon companion of the heroic Tecumseh. He was with that noble savage when he treated with Gen. Harrison- resisted the gallant charge of Col. Jo. Davis at Tippecanoe and fell all covered with wounds, when fell Tecumseh at the battle of Thames.

The grave of the two lovers was long an object of veneration by the Indians, and in their legends they thought that the spirits of the departed vigils around this resting place. As the war parties in their canoes would pass this spot, a finger would be placed upon their lips- the paddles unmoved, and silence, complete and profound would be observed by everyone. If perchance the canoe touched the shore, the older and bravest of the warriors of the party, would approach the grave, sprinkle ashes of the tobacco around the mound, puff a few whiffs, and as the smoke arose and floated on the still air, they would chant a mystical song to the Great Spirit.

For many long years, when the young Shawnee maidens passed along this prairie, they would stop at the Orchard, and if the fruit hung ripe on the trees, they would refrain from touching an apple, but left them for the spirits that hovered near. The most fragrant wild flowers were strewn over the graves, and choice pieces of buffalo meat, placed in little wooden urns, left to appease the spiritual essence of the departed. They would take a bird of the richest plumage- place around its neck a tiny wampum string, and while encircling the sacred spot, let it go, and as it ascended up and up, until it was lost to sight in the blue distance, a weird chaunt, half audible and half suppressed, would be given, to help the winged messenger to carry the Indian's blessing to the spirit world.

Thus the "Indian Orchard" became a consecrated place to the red man, and thus, did the men and maidens of the forest pay homage to heroism, to fidelity and virtue.